

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13 1950

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# PUNCH

SEPTEMBER

13  
1950

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No. 5730



PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

# Atomic Energy Establishment

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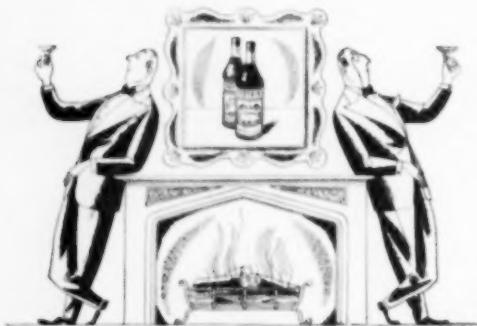
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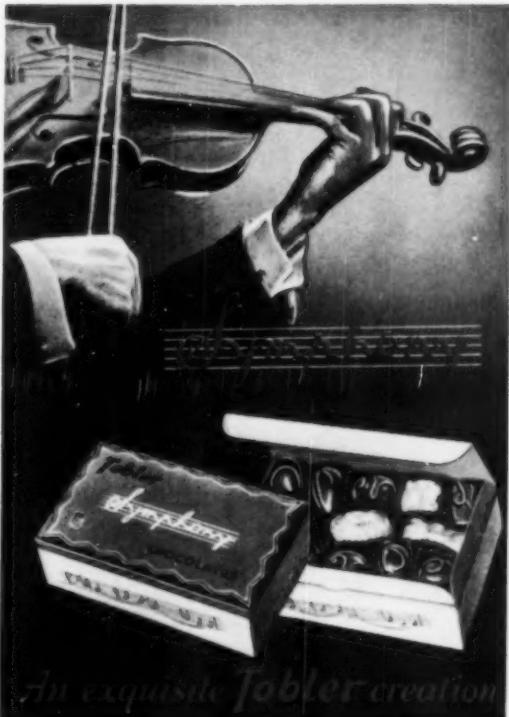


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P.2

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'Alcian' Blue is a new type of dyestuff which gives the textile printer, for the first time, a brilliant turquoise blue that withstands repeated washing and bright sunshine. Announced to the textile trade in January, 1948, it was the culmination of over ten years' work by two chemists, N. H. Hadcock and C. Wood, and a textile printing specialist, R. Thornton, in the I.C.I. laboratories in Manchester. The starting point for their researches was the phthalocyanine group of compounds to which belongs 'Monastral' Fast Blue, an outstandingly permanent and brilliant pigment discovered by I.C.I. chemists in 1935. Pigments are insoluble and although useful for colouring paints, printing ink, lacquers, rubber and plastics, cannot be used as dyes. The importance of 'Alcian' Blue lies not merely in its discovery, but also in the fact that I.C.I. scientists solved the problem both of producing a soluble substance from a pigment and of evolving a simple technique for its use in textile printing and dyeing.





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# Exorcism by Telegraph

THERE IS A STORY, as circumstantial as it is apocryphal, of a grizzled Tyneside pilot confronted by his first engine room telegraph. Before that, orders from the bridge had been bawled down to the engineers by a deckhand poised as able-bodied nexus at the open skylight. The old Geordie rang Full Ahead, Slow and Stop. The ship responded instantly. "Not bad" said the pilot contentedly. "Does awa' with all those black devils down below."

The electric switch has also played its part in exorcising a host of domestic demons which formerly bedevilled the woman of the house. Dust and the vacuum cleaner cannot live under the same roof. Hot baths become a matter of impulse instead of having to be planned the night before. Meat, fish, milk and salads rest coolly in the refrigerator throughout the fiercest heat wave. Spotless and efficient the cooker turns out meals on the dot, done to a turn. Washing machine and electric iron make Blue Monday sound like an old wives' tale. Now that domestic servants are almost as rare as white blackbirds it is a matter for congratulation that we have at the tips of our fingers the Servant that lives in the Wall.

Your home is wired to the mains, of course. Quite near you there is an Electricity Service Centre, with a friendly, knowledgeable staff. Get them to show you all the latest developments in household electrical appliances.

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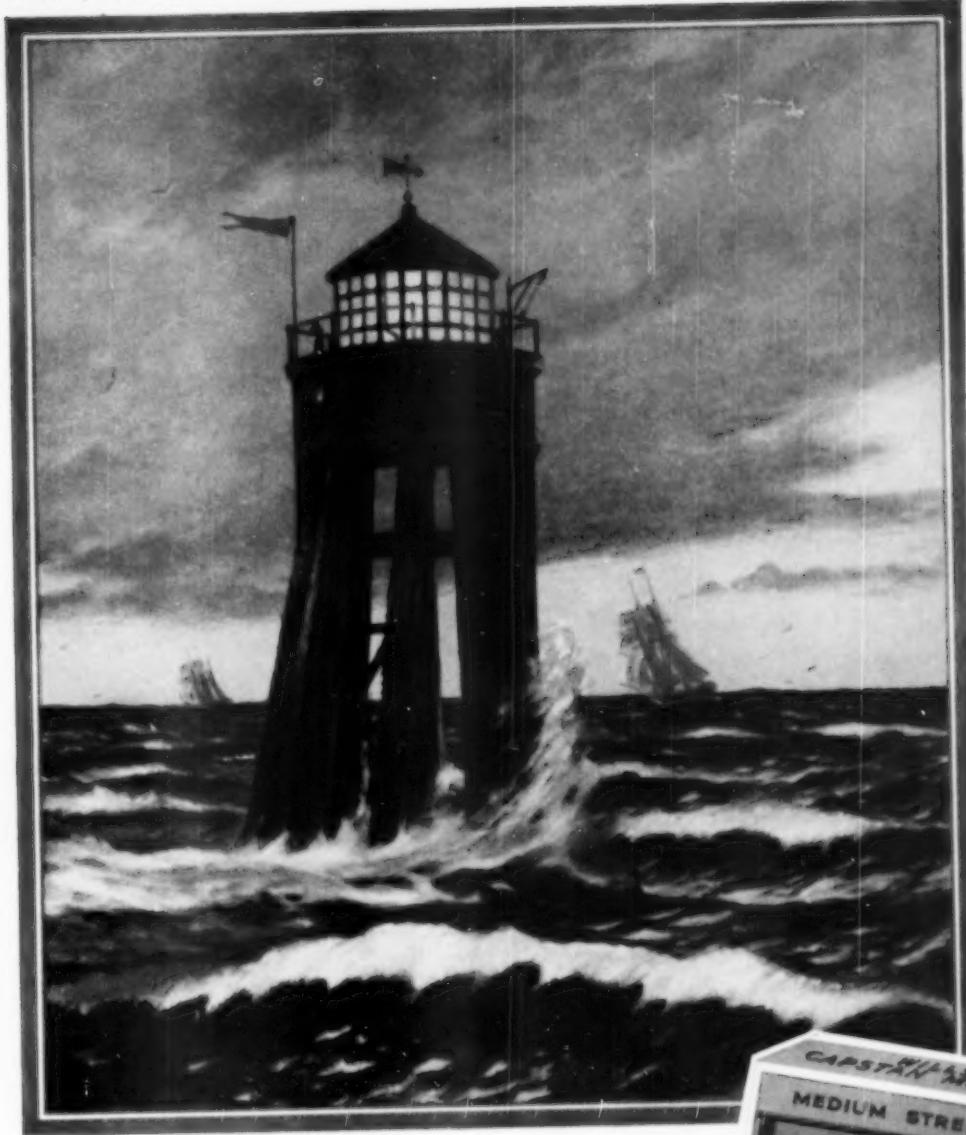
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## The Smalls Lighthouse . . . 1776

It was in 1773 that Mr. Phillips of Liverpool determined to perform "a great and holy good" by building a lighthouse on The Smalls, a group of rocky islets near St. David's Head.

This worthy man had taken to heart the frequent shipwrecks there—for The Smalls were a part of his possessions.

Henry Whiteside, a musical instrument maker chosen to construct the lighthouse because his charges would be less than those of professional engineers, must have been a minor genius. His skeleton tower, depicted here, built first of iron but soon rebuilt in oak, weathered immense stresses for 80 years.

In 1853 it was replaced by a granite tower which continues (in Mr. Phillips' words) "to serve and save humanity".



Punch, September 13 1950



## *All that's best in Britain...*

There is nothing to compare with the beauty of an English garden . . . let he who doubts step out one Summer morning onto some sun bathed terrace, watch the flowers in all their blaze of colour nodding in the warm breeze, then hear the distant song of a bird . . . a scene that is, indeed, as true and as typical of our country as the craftsmanship that goes into the products of the Standard Motor Company, representing as they do in every detail of their design 'all that's best in Britain.'



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Illustration by G. F. Smith

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**CHURCHMAN'S No.1**

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WINDAK "SPORTIE"

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The long, dreary day has dragged on to its evening. You're leg-weary with shopping without much success. At last and at least you can have half-an-hour's ease in the Parker-Knoll, before John gets home to claim it.

The  
CAMPDEN MODEL.  
Ask to see it at your local Furnishers. To be sure you get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

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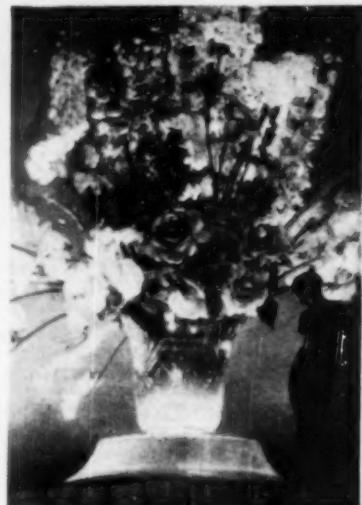
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And why not? We do not regard an account as being of small consequence simply because it is small. On the contrary, we believe that the importance of any banking transaction lies in its importance to the customer. We try to meet our customers' requirements in that spirit and to give the same welcome and the same friendly attention to all of them, whatever the size of their accounts. If you would like to know more about the personal quality of Westminster Bank service, the Manager of your local branch will be glad to tell you

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## FROM THE RUSSIAN

## COKERNUTS

**W**HY do you sigh,  
Little Brother?"  
"Ivan Ivanovitch,  
I was in good heart.  
I was preparing  
For the Triennial Holiday.  
I was thinking thankfully  
Of Joseph Stalin,  
The Good, the Great,  
Who invented holidays.  
For, you must know,  
Under the cruel Tsars  
There were no holidays,  
Work was continuous,  
As it is to-day.  
Among the suffering slaves  
Of the Wolf States  
Of the West.  
But then I remembered  
The Comrade Boris Itchinsky  
Who labours happily  
At the unequalled nail-factory  
Of Oblovovosk,  
Where they make nails  
For the houses of the people,  
The Peace-lovers,  
The Forward-looking Democracies.  
I said to him 'Comrade,  
Have you completed  
Your allotted task  
Under the Fifth Five Years' Plan ?'  
'Comrade,' he answered,  
'We completed it  
Four years and eleven days  
Before the appointed hour.'  
'How, then,' I said  
'Have you occupied yourself  
To-day ?'  
'Comrade,' said he,  
'I have been making  
Iron cokernuts  
For the Holiday Fairs  
Of Peace and Culture.'

Little brother,  
My blood froze instantly.  
How oft I have stood  
At the Holiday Fairs  
Of Peace and Culture,  
Throwing merrily  
My wooden balls  
At the foolish cokernuts,  
Brought for my pleasure  
From tropical islands!  
For, I must confess,  
Though a Peace-lover  
And a Forward-looker,  
It is possible to experience

A revolutionary satisfaction  
In throwing things  
At other things  
Which fall down easily  
Or break  
Into a thousand pieces.  
And, as they fell,  
The flimsy cokernuts,  
The decadent fruit  
Of capitalist regions.  
I have felt myself  
For a moment a master,  
A Lenin, Stalin,  
Destroying, ruthlessly,  
The idols of the West.  
But if the cokernuts  
Are made of iron,  
Cunningly covered  
With appropriate materials,  
Then my wooden balls  
Will batter them in vain:  
Then, it seems to me  
That nothing at all  
Is sacred to the Planners  
And I am correspondingly dis-  
couraged.  
Suddenly, brother,  
A light went out,  
When I beheld, in my mind,  
The iron cokernuts.  
I have untied  
My holiday bundle,  
And shall remain  
In my own place, brooding."  
"Little brother,  
I know now why you sigh.  
There are some  
Who would suspect in you  
A diversionary trend:  
But I understand perfectly,  
And, unless arrested,  
I shall not betray you."

A. P. H.



## PONDERINGS

**W**HOM would be, I ask myself, a tadpole?  
Or indeed a frog?  
Or even a *Dytiscus Marginalis* or a newt  
In the pond by the fourteenth tee!  
Never knowing at what moment  
The green, concealing algae will be rent  
By fresh bombardment.  
What a life! To cower in the weeds  
Congratulating one another on escape,  
Curbing a desire to boast  
About the greater closeness of one's own particular  
shave,  
Grousing at the ineffectiveness  
Of the fighter screen of obsolete dragon flies,  
Sick of taking it.  
I often wonder if the sound of the onrushing sphere  
Penetrates the depths before it strikes,  
Petrifying the already pop-eyed frogs  
With apprehension.  
Or is the projectile's entry  
Sudden, terrible, unheralded?  
And when the first commotion has died down,

When loud, fierce, cursing men  
Have probed, dredged and departed,  
Leaving all muddied, swirling and confused,  
Is some agreed "all clear" then sounded  
And life resumed again amid the sedimenting waters?  
Maybe the creatures have become inured to hazard—  
quite nonchalant  
(For I have done my share to make them so),  
And pause the merest moment in their daily rounds  
To view the latest skyborne monster—  
Inert now and harmless;  
Nuzzling its lacerated sides;  
Noting its markings;  
Knowingly comparing it  
With all the others long since spent  
And sinking ever deeper in the ooze.  
Is there, I wonder, some most wise and ancient toad,  
Horned, warty and blinking in his grotto,  
Who still recalls the terror-stricken days  
When the first "gutties" plunged into his ken  
And everyone, himself included, said  
"This is the World's End"!

• •

## A FAIRY AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GARDEN

**T**HE coolness between my daughter and myself has now worn off. I am glad. It is undignified for a man to quarrel with a little girl over her toys.

It was because of the peas of course. I have been informed that the jay is the only bird that eats peas. If this is true then my garden must be the social centre for all the jays in the south of England. Also, after a prolonged period of indignant bird-watching, I would say that jays vary quite astonishingly in size, plumage and call. Simple people might even believe that a jay bent on pea stealing goes to the lengths of disguising itself first.

Almost to the end of the season we did not have a single pea for ourselves. I tried all the approved methods of discouraging the thieves. I made long garlands of coloured paper and dressed the pea-sticks overall. I festooned strips of tinfoil, I hung jangling, glittering baubles. I stuck my demob hat on top of a pole.

Between mouthfuls the birds aided digestion by swinging dreamily on my garlands. They used the

tinfoil as a mirror, preening their feathers in it. They attempted to eat the baubles, and spat them out with imprecations. My embryo scarecrow they merely regarded with mild amusement.

Nothing is so infuriating to a gardener as to have every pea-pod expertly ripped from top to bottom and the contents neatly extracted just before it is ready for picking. Rummaging hopelessly through the attic in search of a bird-deterrant I came across the Christmas-tree fairy. Trying to put myself in the place of a bird I looked at her and decided she might work. I took her out and clapped her on to the highest pea-stick. She was a bright little thing. She caught the eye, and the birds treated her with respect.

I do not say those birds actually believed in fairies. I don't suppose it occurred to one of them that, with a single wave of her wand, she might turn them all into human beings. I think it was just the threatening way she wielded that wand that put them off. Anyway, they left alone the peas under

her immediate jurisdiction, feasting cautiously out of her reach.

I saw I had the right idea, and I prospected for more fairies to add to her court. I did not find any. I did, however, find Rosalind's teddy-bear. I set it climbing up the pea-sticks in a resolute manner, and concealed myself to watch the effect. It was excellent. The birds took it for a fierce and athletic ginger cat, and they moved out of that entire row of peas.

This, of course, meant that the remaining rows got extra custom. I reviewed Rosalind's toys after she had gone to bed, and selected a life-like white Scottie. I posted him by the second row in a bird-hating attitude, where he looked so natural that he would probably have kept off human marauders as well. He did his job up to a point. The birds eschewed all the lower pods. They appeared, however, to be sufficiently conversant with natural history to know that Scotties cannot climb, and they continued to assail all pods out of what they judged to be his jumping range.

I enrolled a brown monkey to



**ONE OF OURS**

"... and it could be one of mine."

assist the Scottie, and soon put a stop to that.

The third and last row of peas was now of course getting all the attention. I tried Piglet, but Piglet struck terror into no heart. I had recourse to Rosalind's biggest doll. I set the doll up on a strong peabough—I had to sit her up, as she was a doll that went to sleep the moment she lay down—and was pleased to find that she commanded instant respect.

The next day, however, it struck Rosalind that she was rather short of toys. She toddled laboriously around the house and garden, and

presently piercing shrieks of joy indicated that she had been reunited with her family. She came indoors clasping them lovingly to her tummy, and the birds came out and fell happily on the peas.

I waited till Rosalind was in bed that evening, and replaced the sentinel. Rosalind, deeply mystified, brought them in again after breakfast.

It was on the fourth day that she connected me with the extraordinary nightly migration, and this time she removed her toys with a cold look at me. But by now I was getting excited. Success was just around the

corner. Late in the year though it was, a picking—the picking—was very nearly ready. Ruthlessly, feeling like the head robber in *Babes in the Wood*, I stationed my guardians of the peas once more, that night.

How was I to know it was going to rain? It deluged, and in the morning poor Rosalind wept and wailed as she tenderly carried in her drowned and ruined family.

I could not look her in the face. I got out the car and went shopping. I bought a doll. A teddy-bear. A Piglet. A brown monkey. A white Scottie. A fairy.

I laid them humbly and remorsefully before my daughter. And she looked at them scornfully and spurned them. In her loyal little heart there was no room for usurpers.

So I wrung out each member of her old family and toiled to renovate them, and that night Rosalind, happy once more but deeply suspicious, took the whole batch to bed with her, lying protectively on top of those she could not get into her embrace. She loved them for the dangers they had passed, and I loved her that she did pity them.

So at last, just before the season ended, we had our picking of peas. Thanks to the permanent and undisputed presence among the peasticks of a brand-new doll, teddy-bear, Piglet, brown monkey, white Scottie and fairy.

Rosalind and I will not quarrel over her toys again. We each have our own, now.



"And here's one of Angela—that's my eldest son  
Henry's youngest—riding a donkey on the sands."

#### 1940 — 1950

We remember the Few, who died in the Battle of Britain ten years ago. They, and the Many who died in the battles fought by the R.A.F. in succeeding years, would ask us this week to remember also the women and children they left behind them.

Donations should be sent to Lord Riverdale, R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, 1, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

## TAXO, THE NEW BEACH GAME

THE announcement by the Prime Minister that a Royal Commission is to be appointed to inquire into "the whole of the present system of taxation of profits and income, with particular reference to the taxation of business profits and the taxation of salaries and wages" has met with a very cool reception—one of the coolest holiday receptions in fact ever recorded. It has made no splash whatever in the popular Press, and the usual crop of rumours about would-be commissioners jockeying for position seems to be in abeyance.

It must now be crystal-clear to Mr. Attlee that his statement was ill-timed: nobody wants to be reminded of the existence of fiscal dues during the holiday season—least of all during a holiday season already stigmatized by the publication of *Atomic Warfare. Volume II of the Manual of Basic Training in Civil Defence.*

The only possible way of goading the public into serious thought on economic problems of national importance is to adopt the "play way" approach of modern educationists and the B.B.C. As the *Daily Express* has told us, people are remarkably susceptible to "beach boredom"—a state of chronic disillusionment which develops automatically after an hour or two of relaxation in a damp bathing-costume—and will cheerfully tackle the stiffest quiz if it offers a guarantee of immunity from ennui. It follows, I think, that Mr. Attlee's statement would have achieved considerable publicity and perhaps popularity had it been phrased something like this:

### TAXO

The New Beach Game of Skill  
*Read through the following questions carefully and then fill in the answers. No need to use block capitals or write anything in triplicate! No, sir!*  
*This is just a pleasant relaxation, a joyous pastime for the young-in-heart of all ages. It will keep Bobby occupied while he is waiting for the bring to flood his moat; Meg can*

*have a bash before the next round of ices; and even Tiny Tim can collect pebbles to serve as a primitive abacus. Ready?*

1. While Brown is at the seaside so many income tax demand notices are pushed under his front door that it is prized off its hinges. As a result his house is burgled and he loses his valuable collection of hand-bells. Is Brown entitled to submit a claim for an increase in his expense allowance?

2. If eight men, working seven hours a day, cannot dig a trench seventeen yards long, four feet wide and two feet deep in three months, what is the disincentive effect of P.A.Y.E.?

3. If high taxation and a satisfactory flow of private saving are incompatible, and if the supply of new capital to industry is of vital importance, how long will it take the Chancellor of the Exchequer, working twenty hours a day, to scrape the bottom of the barrel, assuming (a) that the barrel has a bottom, and (b) that it has not already been scraped?

4. Feeling it is his duty to make a larger contribution to the national exchequer a Mr. X of Pontefract walked into a post office and bought four thousand dog licences—though

he had no dog, his wife being against animals "on principle." On the strength of the apparent increase in the dog population a Birkenhead manufacturer of canned dog-food built a new wing to his premises and hired a dozen extra workers. What was the net gain or loss to the community, bearing in mind that the twelve men engaged had previously been redundant, if not unemployed?

5. A man earns £15,000 free of tax on the penny points pool and promptly gives up his job as a gentleman farmer and embarks on a world tour. In less than a year he returns to England almost penniless, and immediately wins £12,500 on the "Twelve Teasers" pool. His only comment on his excess of good fortune is a laconic "It would seem that the law of diminishing returns is in operation." Is the fellow (a) a bounder, (b) an economist or (c) a social misfit?

6. If A, who works twice as hard as B, earns threepence a week more than C, who works half as hard as B, what does the union propose to do about it?

7. A London barrow-boy . . .

No, that is enough: if I say much more Mr. Attlee will think I'm fishing for a seat on his commission.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





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## THE STABLE CLOCK

were the stables.  
victorian but impressive don't you think?  
Especially those high, mock-Tudor gables.  
Oppose this house is the last link  
With the Grayling family. They sold,  
moved away. I don't know where.  
Lord Grayling was alive, I'm told  
used to come down here every day —  
that clock-tower, cream-painted wood?  
set his watch by it. So they say —  
the architecture isn't very good —  
But somehow I don't really care.

During the war  
lived here, five mornings a week.  
He was in these stables, through that green

work for the Ministry — you must  
have heard me speak.  
Sometimes the place still smelt of horse!  
that dock's the things I particularly like ...

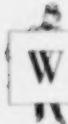
it wasn't going, and then of course  
of the boys managed to wind it up  
began to strike. That was a great occasion;  
did any work — we even made a special cup  
(it was when we all expected the Invasion) —  
it sat there, waiting for it to strike.

Now it's stopped again.  
ever comes here except inquisitive people like me.  
stretch up and peer through this bottom pane  
see how they left it — dusty memos — you see?  
and a calendar, and six long tables —  
different then, when the dock used to go.  
don't think there's anything else in the stables;  
or much to look at — they've had their day.  
It's very grand but — I don't know how —  
attractive in their own queer way. ....  
it's going to become of the whole place now,  
nobody quite seems to know.



## AT THE PICTURES

*The Miniver Story—Destination Moon*



HATEVER serious critics may say, and they are liable to say plenty, nothing can keep *The Miniver Story* (Director: H. C. PORTER) from enormous popularity with the movie-going masses. It contains a beloved mother given six months to live, a loyal father torn between ambition and tradition, an innocent daughter ensnared by a sophisticated charmer, a small boy—may I say a kiddie?—given to quaint observations; it makes incidental references to Dunkirk and the Desert and VE Day, complete with real Churchill speech; it is steeped in that self-conscious, lower-middle-class ordinariness (for the Minivers, very upper-middle-class in their surroundings, remain obstinately lower-middle-class in their behaviour) which a generation brought up in the terrifying belief that ordinariness is a virtue love to see as the reflection of themselves. With so many infallible stimulants to tears and laughter and pride and what-have-you it matters little that the dialogue is trite, the screen-play machine-made and the acting, with two exceptions, rudimentary.

Mrs. Miniver, in her allotted span, is set two problems: to settle her husband's unrest with post-war Britain and to ensure that her daughter marries the former grocer's boy instead of the glamorous general. She achieves the first by shifting Mr. Miniver's office furniture into another room with nice view and the second by confessing to the brass-hatted Steve that her family know nothing about Art, represented here by Grieg's A minor Concerto. She then dies off, ensuring that there will be no further sequels, for which on the whole we may be grateful.

As Mrs. Miniver GREER GARSON has little to do but keep her eyes bravely fixed on the middle distance; but CATHY O'DONNELL, boldly cast as an English ingénue, is beautifully convincing as the daughter and LEO GENN has a lot of fun with the piano-playing general.

From so very mundane a milieu it is a relief occasionally to slip away to the moon or somewhere; and in *Destination Moon* (Director: IRVING PICHEL) we can visit our barren satellite in all the starkness of Technicolor. There is a rather too didactic introduction concerned with politics and strategy; but the main part of the film is given over to a return journey to the moon by rocket, in the course of which the moon is annexed to be the forty-ninth state of the U.S.A., "in the

name of God and on behalf of all mankind," and for the purest strategical reasons. It is all a bit juvenile, perhaps; but we read so often in our popular scientific digests about the characteristics of space-travel—the complete loss of weight, the sensation of absolute stillness

and so on—that it is fun for once to see it all happening. A good deal of trouble has been taken to ensure that the scientific detail is either accurate or, where accuracy would torpedo the story, endowed sufficiently with the appearance of accuracy to pass muster. I doubt whether the lighting in outer space would be quite so convenient, or the temperature so bearable; at any rate the story is convincing enough if you are in the mood to accept it. And if the idea of sending a rocket to the moon can only be sold to a lot of hard-headed business men through the medium of a Woody Woodpecker cartoon, as it appears from this picture, perhaps we need not be so shy about being a little juvenile after all.

\* \* \* \*

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Pick of the recent releases are *Trio* (16/8/50), a suite of Maugham short stories, and *Fancy Pants* (23/8/50), the latest Bob Hope. *Winchester '73* (19/7/50), a really stylish Western, and *Panic in the Streets* (9/8/50), a first-class thriller, are still about and high on the recommended list.

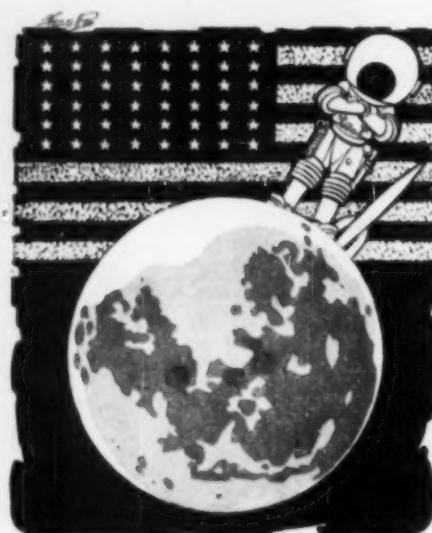
At the Cameo-Polytechnic for one week only is *Le Visiteur*, a very distinguished French revival, originally shown here in 1949.

B. A. YOUNG



[*The Miniver Story*]

**Dear Hearts and Gentle People**  
Mr. and Mrs. Miniver—WALTER  
PIDGEON and GREER GARSON



[*Destination Moon*]

**The 49th State**  
An American Citizen—JOHN ARCHER

## BIG SQUIDS AND LITTLE ZEBRAS

"THE temperature," said Betts, "has to be kept at seventy-eight degrees."

He scrabbled madly about among the wires at his feet and hauled out a small thermometer.

"Over eighty degrees!" he shouted. "They'll be fried!"

The fish in the tank swam up and down imperturbably.

"In 'The Kon-Tiki Expedition,'" I said, "they caught the most amazing fish. It had very large eyes—"

Betts held up a jam jar which appeared to be full of glue.

"Just drop half a teaspoonful of this in once a week," he cut in. "It's their plankton."

"The Kon-Tiki people caught their plankton in a net under the raft. They used to sort the stuff out under a microscope, tiny shrimps and—"

"I boil up a banana skin—and don't ask me where I get a banana skin with no blue ration book—and then I drop in a spoonful of common garden soil. When it's stood for two days it's ready."

He produced a magnifying glass.

"A mass of minute creatures!" he exclaimed, squinting through the glass. "Have a look!"

I waved it aside.

"The plankton that the Kon-Tiki crew caught was edible—a sort of marine stew, and very nourishing. The part I liked best, though, was the description of the fish at night. Huge heads would appear at the side of the raft, with glaring green eyes, shining like phosphorus. Squids, they were, giant squids!"

Betts wasn't listening. He was gazing, in a far-away trance, at his little fish.

"Zebras, they call those. And that's a Black Molly. Well, a Speckled Molly really, as it's not completely black," he said dreamily.

"The Kon-Tiki people found a fish with very large eyes—"

"You told me," said Betts, still staring.

"—called a gempylus," I finished doggedly. "It was very rare, like an eel, but with horrible teeth that could snap off a rope."

Betts was dribbling some fish-food dust into the water.

"I only give them this twice a week. You'd better make it the Tuesday and Friday we're away. I shall feed them before we go."

"These men used to swim about under the raft and study the fish that collected there. Lots of striped pilot fish there were, and some big fellows called gold-finned tunnies . . ."

Betts was leading the way into the bathroom.

"Very beautiful fish evidently," I went on, trailing after him. "They sometimes changed colour. They would be silver with a suffusion of pale violet, it said, and when you think of the golden fins waving all the time—"

In the bath was an erection of large tins and pie dishes, surrounded by another jam jar. A tap dripped into it. Mechanically I turned it off.

Viciously Betts turned it on again.

"There are LIVING WORMS in there," he breathed. "Turn off that tap and they'll be DEAD WORMS which my fish won't eat. Got it?"

I hauled in my mind some thousands of miles—away from flying fish and Pacific seas, away from six gallant men on nine indomitable balsa logs—and confronted Betts and his jam jar.

"You listening?" he asked. "All you've got to remember is:

1. Temperature at seventy-eight degrees ALWAYS.

2. Fish food twice a week.

3. Plankton once a week.

4. These worms whenever you like, but don't handle them. Put them in with the tongs.

Think you can cope with all that?"

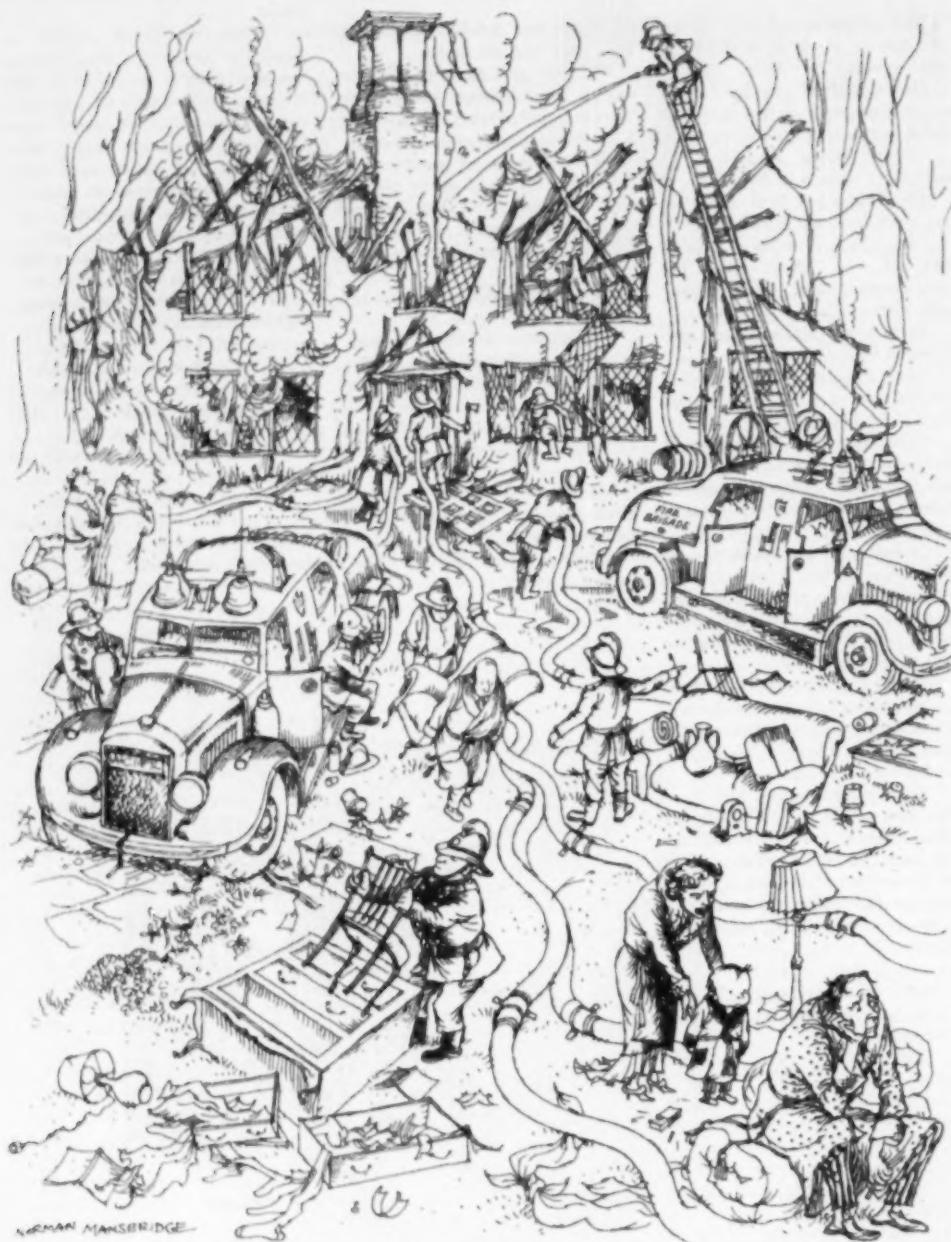
He looked horribly anxious.

I gave a brave Scandinavian laugh and threw my blond hair back from my eyes.

"Easy!" I said.



"I keep telling her she mustn't pick them."



"Tell Daddy you're sorry."

## A QUICK ONE

I WAS credited with a duck last Saturday. Regular readers of this journal will be aware that there is at least one precedent for this happening, but the circumstances of my latest debacle were so unusual, besides being so outrageously unfortunate, that I propose to describe them in detail.

We were playing the Fiddlers, and I was particularly anxious to do well. You know how critical small boys home from school can be, and I haven't yet heard the end of a catch I somehow grassed in the Fathers' Match last term. Actually the sun was in my eyes at the time, but that has never been officially recognized, and we are concerned at the moment with last week's game.

Owing to a mental lapse on the part of our skipper I went in rather late. To be precise it was me—*et præterea nihil*, except for the extras. That made me doubly determined to put up a show.

Now there is a recognized technique for beginning one's innings: a defensive stroke just to get the feel of the ball on the bat, yet played sufficiently hard to ensure the speedy opening of one's account. In fact, a quick one. Hobbs used to start off like that, though I cannot help feeling he was luckier in his partners than I was last Saturday.

Such was my plan, therefore, when the Fiddlers took our ninth wicket, and I struck my first ball firmly in the direction of mid-off. As things turned out it went through the slips, and I immediately called for a run.

Of course there are right and wrong ways of answering such a call, and I maintain that Jones was quite out of order in shouting "No, no, get back you clot" at that juncture. Even less was he justified in standing stock-still whilst I completed my first run. Then, since he was loath to move, I had to go all the way back. Luckily third-man was living up to the title of his team, and there was just time, which meant that I had hit two without scoring; but this was only a beginning.

Determined to atone for his

fumbling with a smart return the fieldsmen threw in hard. The wicket-keeper couldn't reach the ball, and I merely deflected it with my short ribs out of mid-on's way.

Here was an easy single for an overthrow, so once again I called and ran—only to find that ass Jones talking to the umpire, with the result that I clocked up four lengths without breaking my duck. You may think this a record, but you wait.

By this time, as may be imagined, there was a certain tension in the air. The deck-chair critics were awake to a man, and the Fiddlers were instructing one another in the finer points of the game whilst heaping curses on the head of mid-wicket, busily retrieving near the boundary.

A moment later, and the ball had passed the bowler en route for the farther side of the ground. Cover missed it, and I missed my footing in starting my fifth run and fell flat on my face and my wicket just as Jones came pounding up the pitch. Jones looks rather like the Bedders, except when bowling or



"When!"

batting, and he came a frightful purler over my legs. But he was up and about again in nearly no time, and we did the next lap shoulder to shoulder.

Back at his end we discussed who was to make the return journey. I said it was Jones's honour, and Jones said a lot in what I still hope was Welsh.

I felt awfully lonely on that last leg; the distance seemed interminable, and I had a nasty suspicion that I was being over-rash in running six so soon after lunch. All the same I could have made it if my confounded belt hadn't let me down when I was half-way home. I had to drop my bat and devote both hands to my trousers from then on, which lengthened my distance by a couple of yards, and one too many.

Deep-extra slung the ball in, the wicket-keeper snatched up a stump, and the umpire said I was out, which was fair enough in the circumstances. What did annoy me, however, was that, because we hadn't crossed, no runs were accorded in my favour despite my long innings; and I haven't lived that game down yet.

## TRANQUILLITY RECOLLECTED IN EMOTION

A PRIMROSE by the river's brim  
a simple primrose was to him—  
so was it once to me:  
but now the more that I adore  
the world of Nature,  
why, the more  
does it withhold, what once it gave,  
its benison tranquillity.

Now the Celtic curve of the wave  
moulded in some whorled sea-cave  
tells me of wave-impulses  
in my brain that knows no ease.

Now the damascened flower-petal  
tells me: Since man mastered metal  
he has set himself apart

from all other beasts, and made  
a dreadful anvil of his heart.

Now fox and badger, jay and vole  
shriek: Fool! You think that you  
control,  
for your greedy ends, our lives?  
We will see who best survives.

Now rock and river say:  
We contend  
in a war that has no end,  
but the one hurts not the other:  
why does brother war with brother?  
Thought and feeling are your ruin:  
neither of us is your friend.

Only light,  
which Cézanne  
saw, as much as any man  
ever can  
see through God's eyes, creatively,  
still gives me tranquillity.

Only light, which bathes all living  
Nature in its sweet, forgiving  
pity, tells me:  
Open your eyes;  
see:  
understand what you see, without  
emotion,  
and you will find your lost tran-  
quillity. R. C. SCRIVEN



"No, I never sleep well in a strange bed."

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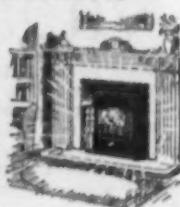
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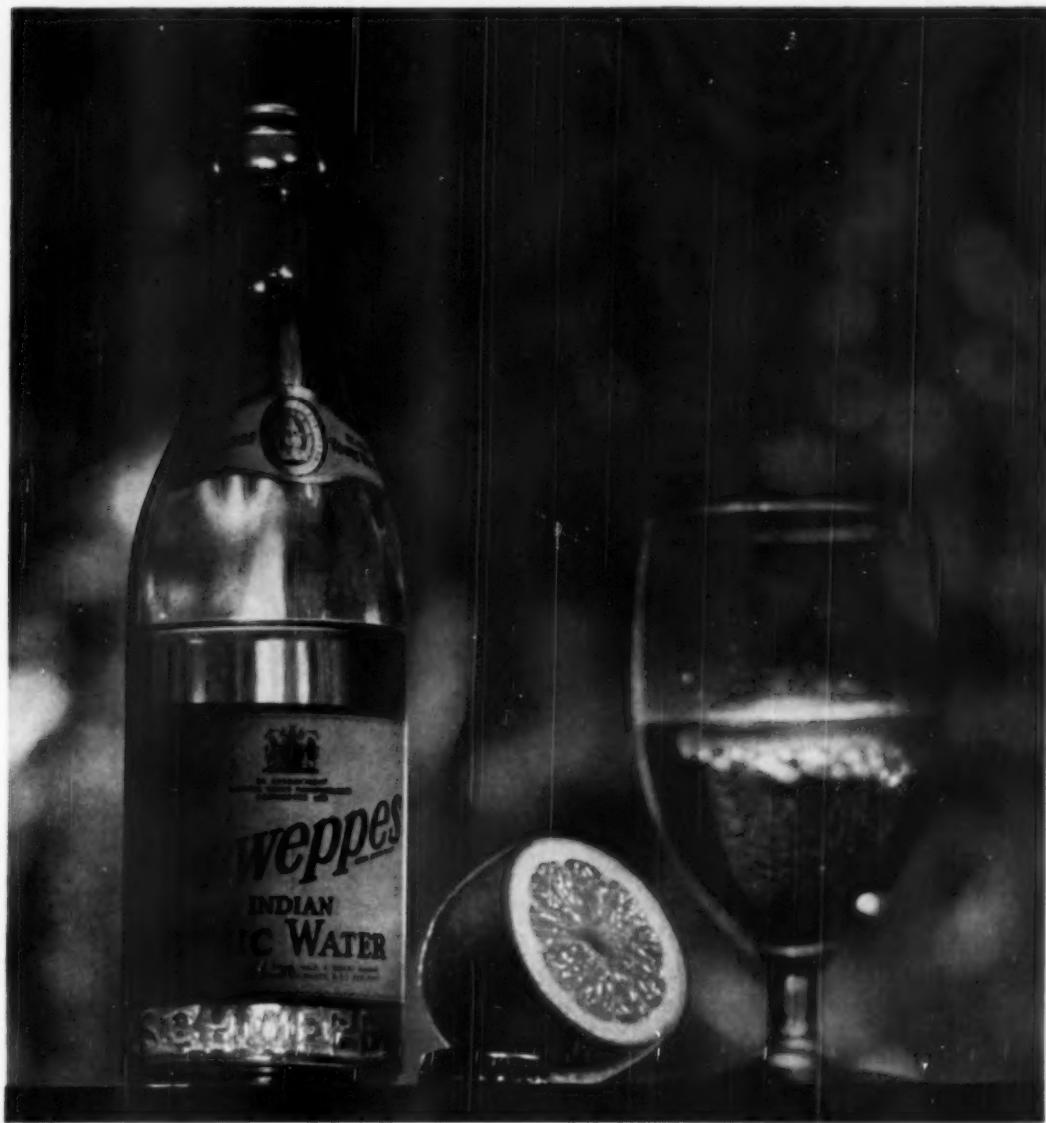
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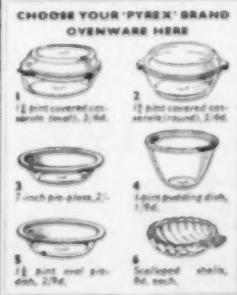
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BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE QUEEN



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO THE QUEEN

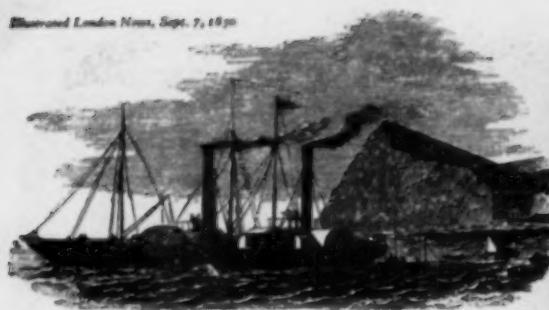
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Illustrated London News, Sept. 7, 1850



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### COPE'S STABLE INFORMATION

No. 1 of a series describing famous racing establishments



THIS ESTABLISHMENT has been occupied by several famous racing men, including Bob Sievier, Sir Victor Sassoon and Jack Crawford. Until Marcus Marsh took over last December, it was run by Frank Butters.

Among winners trained by Butters were Bahram, Mahmoud, Firdausi, Turkhan, Tehran, Ustadpur, Light Brocade, Steady Aim, Matsaka, Felicitation, Umidad, Ruston Pasha, Migeloli and Pettition. Marsh maintained the reputation of the Stable by taking the first of the classics with Palestine. Diableretta, Khorassan, Moondust and Tambora are other big stakes winners of the 1950 season.

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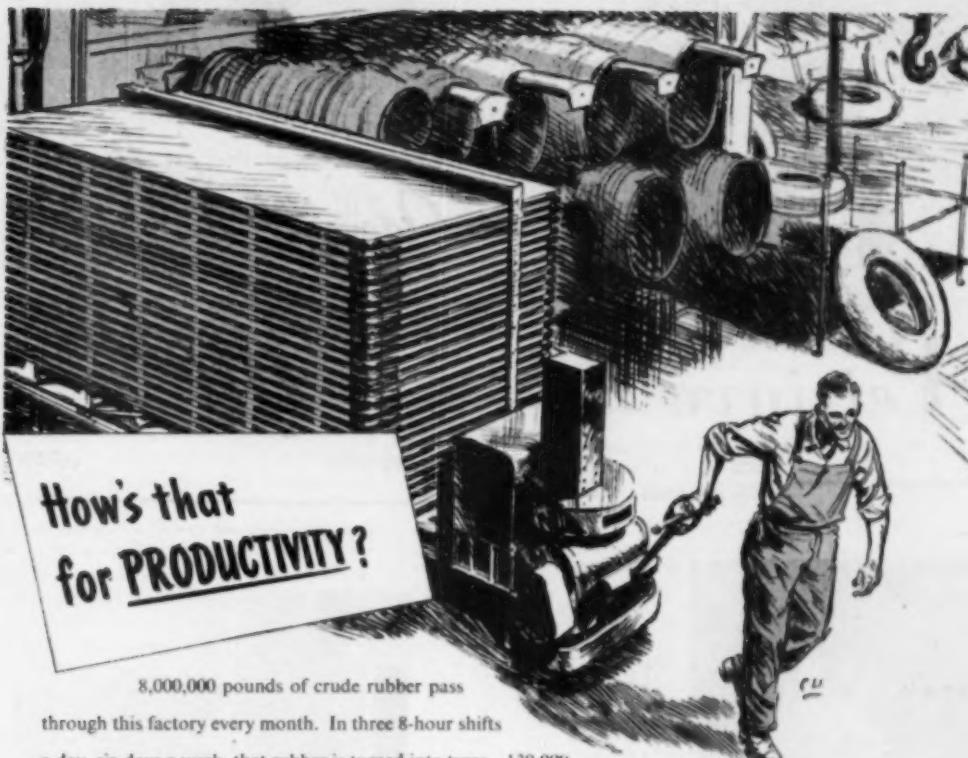
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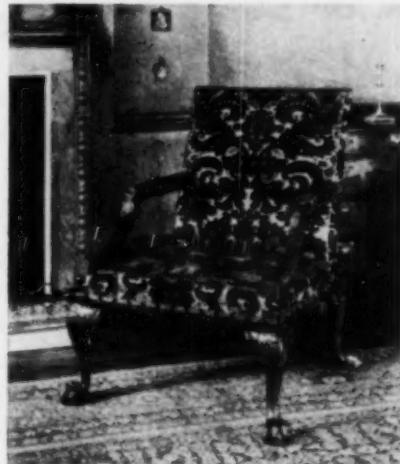


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